

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 23.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1805.

[WHOLE No. 127]

Bromley Melmot;

A NOVEL.

Continued from page 161.

FRAUGHT with this (to her) delightful intelligence, Mrs. Nettleby hastened to Mr. Bromley, and, after making the most artful and plausible pretences for encouraging the boy to relate the particulars, showed him the letter; wishing, as she said, to caution him against the viper he was fostering in his bosom.

Mr. Bromley felt more grief than resentment—"Unhappy boy!" he exclaimed; "too late, I see that nature will prevail over the prejudices of education. I have endeavored, Heaven knows with how much zeal, to lead his steps to virtue; but the depravity of his father also sways his disposition, and renders my efforts ineffectual. But he may be weaned from his errors; at least I will try my power over him. He was once gentle and affectionate: can he so soon have undergone such a decided change!"

He wiped the tears from his cheeks, and wrote the letter that gave Melmot so much uneasiness, his answer, however Mrs. Nettleby took care to sup-

press; and as his letter to Maria contained nothing but expressions of tenderness, she suffered that to reach its destination.

"Ungrateful wretch!" cried he, in an agony of sorrow; "he is callous to all feelings; and even my admonitions have lost their force. But I will abandon him to his vices, which will in time prove his sufficient punishment. Maria shall not be driven to misery by a boy so despicable—her worth demands a better fate; and he shall find, the favor he so lightly values, is of too much importance to be thrown away upon an ingrate!"

The deluded Mr. Bromley laid his commands upon Maria to think no more of Melmot, and left her with the heart-rending intelligence of his unworthiness. From that period all their letters were intercepted, and of course the correspondence ceased.

Still Maria suspected that the account of Melmot's unworthiness originated in a secret enemy, and her suspicions fell upon Mrs. Nettleby, who was ever an object of dislike and now of perfect abhorrence. That Melmot, once so pure, so generous, and so faithful, should so soon become an abandoned libertine, was too grievous an idea to be supported. Great as the profligacy of London might be, her heart still cherished his image with fondness, and refused to

harbor an idea of his demerit. Her fluctuating thoughts were soon directed into another channel, by a billet which she found at the bottom of the garden wall, the Sunday evening when Mr. Bromley was so unfortunately absent. She hastily tore it open, and read, with the utmost perturbation, the following lines—

"Haste, unhappy girl, to secure yourself from the danger that awaits you. Mrs. Nettleby is your enemy; she has leagued with the detested lord Braunceston to put you in his power; and this night you will be the victim of their infernal schemes, if you disregard the admonition of a friend. Seek, in the arms of a faithful lover, that protection a feeble old man can but ill afford you; but betray not to any one the circumstances of your flight. Leave a note for Mr. Bromley, to satisfy him of your safety; and fail not to be at the garden-gate at twelve to-night, when you shall be taken to a place of security and happiness.

A REAL FRIEND."

Maria knew not what to do: beset with dangers and troubles, without a single friend to whom she could turn for advice in this dangerous affair! Fear for the present, dispersed all thoughts of the future, and Maria determined upon following the advice of her friendly monitor, not thinking that the separa-

tion from her loved guardian would be more than a temporary departure. To excuse her conduct, she wrote the note which Mrs. Nettleby so charitably inclosed to Melmot, and, and with unresisted tears, placed it on the table of her paternal, tender beloved friend; then employed the intervening time between the present and the appointed hour in examining her littleward robe, and selecting those things she meant to take with her in her uncertain journey. Kneeling with pious fervor, in her chamber, she implored the protection of that Almighty power which had never deserted her.

She made it her care to secure all the precious letters of her Melmot; the pin that he had taken from his own bosom, at his departure, and placed in her's; as also the long tress of his chestnut hair, which his own hands had plaited and tied on her neck; all these were talismans, that seemed to carry along with them secret assurance of her safety, and were to her more valuable than the richest gems.

Before the clock struck twelve she stole into the apartment of Mr. Bromley, knelt at his bed-side, and kissed the pillow which his head was used to press, and with pious fraud stole the little toothpick-case that lay on his bureau, and which had been found in the pocket of the hapless Frances.

Descending the stairs with the utmost caution, she reached the garden gate immediately. She stood, almost determined to turn back, fearless of every thing but the present evil; but again her ill-starred deity impelled her forward, and with trembling hands she lifted the latch.

A man, muffled up was in waiting. She drew back with terror, as he stretched forth his hand towards her; a presentiment of evil darted across her mind, and his touch almost petrified her.—

"Fear not, madam," said he in a low voice; "you will be safe enough under my protection;—let Melmot thank me for my care."

The well known, much loved name revived her—"Speak—oh, speak!" she cried;—"is he near?"

He pressed her hand gently, as if to assure her, and replied,—

"Not actually near; but you shall see him."

"Oh—thank Heaven!" she cried: "my heart was almost sinking; but you have given me happiness!"

Wrapt in the delightful delirium of his unabated love for her, she suffered the stranger to lift her into the carriage, and they drove off on full speed.

At the return of Mr. Bromley, the news of Maria's absence, like a shock of electricity, shook every fibre of his frame; and at one stroke happiness was wrested from him.—

Mrs. Nettleby's extravagant grief disgusted him, and he had too much sense to believe that sorrow, for one whom she had always professed to hate, could so deeply affect a heart never of the most susceptible nature. He drooped, and declined daily; and, at the time Mrs. Nettleby wrote the benevolent letter to Melmot, Mr. Bromley was lying at the point of death; and, in the paroxysm of his malady, calling for the consolation of his still dear nephew.

—Why—oh! why is it that virtue should bear all the infelicities of vice; while we daily see infamy, Hypocrisy, and falsehood, flourishing in the world? Is it not a demonstration, that there is a world where the just shall be rewarded—where the unhappy shall cease to suffer—and where the guilty shall meet the punishment due to their depravity?—We were not created for perpetual misery!—and the afflictions we undergo in this state, are but trials of that faith which shall bring us to a permanent possession of felicity!—

CHAP. X.

A GENEROUS DETERMINATION—AN EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE—AND AN UNEXPECTED RECOVERY.

MELMOT now expressed to Captain Harley his sincere intention of addressing Marianne; and in a very short time he was publicly announced as her destined husband.—

Susannah, also, overpowered by the solicitations of her friends, promised, that, unless the contents of her mother's packet should render it improper, her hand should be bestowed on Percival the day that united his sister to Melmot.

Captain Harley, from his perfect knowledge of his father's character, entertained little fear of a refusal from that quarter, and gave way to an excess of joy, as extravagant as the melancholy of Melmot was deep and silent. Percival, with a feeling but gay heart, determined to draw the dregs of remorse into the overflowings of his own transports, and hurried him incessantly from one amusement to another.

A grand masquerade was to be given at the pantheon:—thither, he swore, Melmot must accompany him; and as Miss Newcombe had never been present at an entertainment of the kind, Percival entreated she would put herself under the protection of himself and sisters, who intended to appear in character. Susanna agreed only on condition that she might be permitted to wear a domino, which she was allowed, and she prepared herself accordingly.

On the evening appointed, Percival was under an engagement with some brother officers at the Gloucester Coffee-house, from which he could not return till late. In passing through an obscure street, near Piccadilly, he thought he heard a female scream, and, looking round, imagined it had proceeded from an elegant apartment, which from its appearance and situation, seemed appropriated to the use of females of a particular stamp. The room was lighted, and in a moment a female appeared at the window; and, throwing up the sash, without the least hesitation leaped out.

Percival, most providentially, caught her in his arms, and bore her with rapidity round the corner of the street.

Her senses soon returned, and in a voice of the greatest agitation, she entreated he would, if possible, carry her to some place of security.

Captain Harley surveyed her attentively by the light of the lamp: she was young and beautiful, but her dress, and the paint which was daubed on her

face, tended strongly to give him an opinion not much to her advantage.

She wore a white silk domino, with a dress hat, the button of which was formed of stones placed in the shape of a heart.

Upon her renewing her petition for protection, Percival, who was not just then in a humor to trifle, replied, hastily—

"Your appearance, Madam, is so singular, that I am puzzled to know what kind of assistance you require from me, or whither it is you wish to be conveyed. Can I conduct you to any of your friends?"

She burst into tears, and sunk upon his arm. Fearing she would faint in the street, the captain called a coach, and assisting her into it, ordered the coachman to drive slowly down the street.

"Alas! Sir," said she, recovering herself, "I have no home, no friends. All I ask is a place of safety for this night; in the morning I hope I shall be able to give such an account of myself as will not be deemed unsatisfactory. As a man of honor, I implore your compassion," added she, sinking on her knees: "you will not find me unworthy."

Percival could no longer withstand her pleading, for her voice spoke such deep distress, that his heart melted with pity, and he ordered the coach to Westminster. He there consigned his charge to the hands of Susanna and Mrs. Bentley, in a few words, relating the adventure he had met with; they gave every assistance in their power to the lady, who seemed very ill and intreated to retire immediately.

(To be continued.)

CHARLOTTE CORDE.

WHEN Charlotte de Cordé, who assassinated the infamous Marat, was brought before the revolutionary tribunal, she acknowledged the deed, and justified it by asserting that it was a duty she owed her country and mankind, to rid the world of a monster

whose sanguinary doctrines were framed to involve the country in anarchy and civil war; and asserted her right to put Marat to death, as a convict already condemned by the public opinion. She trusted that her example would inspire the people with that energy, which had been at all times the distinguished characteristic of republicans; and which she defined to be that devotedness to our country which renders life of little comparative estimation.

Her deportment during the trial was modest and dignified. There was so engaging a softness in her countenance, that it was difficult to conceive how she could have armed herself with sufficient intrepidity to execute the deed.

Her answers to the interrogatories of the court were full of point and energy. She sometimes surprised the audience by her wit, and excited their admiration by her eloquence. Her face sometimes beamed with sublimity, and was sometimes covered with smiles. At the close of her trial she took three letters from her bosom, and presented them to the judges, and requested they might be forwarded to the persons to whom they were addressed. Two were written to Barbaroux, in which, with great ease and spirit, she relates her adventures from her leaving Caen to the morning of her trial. The other was an affectionate and solemn adieu to her father.

She retired while the jury deliberated on their verdict; and when she again entered the tribunal, there was a majestic solemnity in her demeanor which perfectly became her situation. She heard her sentence with attention and composure; and after conversing a few minutes with her counsel, and a friend of her's who had sat near her during the trial, and whom she requested to discharge some trifling debts she had incurred in the prison, she left the court with the same serenity, and prepared herself for the last scene.

She had concluded her letter to her father with this verse of Corneille

*C'est le crime qui fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud.**

* Guill, not the scaffold, constitutes disgrace.

and it is difficult to conceive the kind of heroism which she displayed in the way to execution. The women who were called *furies of the guillotine*, and who had assembled to insult her on leaving the prison, were awed into silence by her demeanor, while some of the spectators uncovered their heads, before her, and others gave loud tokens of applause. There was such an air of chastened exultation thrown over her countenance, that she inspired sentiments of love, rather than sensations of pity.†

She ascended the scaffold with undaunted firmness, and knowing that she had only to die, was resolved to die with dignity. She had learned from her gaoler the mode of punishment, but not instructed in the detail; and when the executioner attempted to tie her feet to the plank, she resisted, from an apprehension that he had been ordered to insult her; but on his explaining himself, she submitted with a smile.

When he took off her handkerchief, the moment before she bent under the fatal stroke, she blushed deeply; and her head, which was held up to the multitude the moment after, exhibited the last impression of offended modesty.

† She excited in this interesting situation, a very strong and singular passion in a young man of the name of Adam Lux, a commissary from Mayence. He accidentally crossed the street as she was passing in her way to execution, and became instantly enamored, not of her only, but what was more extraordinary, the guillotine. He published, a few days after, a pamphlet, in which, he proposed raising a statue to her honor, and inscribing on the pedestal "Greater than Brutus;" and invoked her shade wandering through Elysium with those glorious personages who had devoted themselves for their country. He was sent to the prison of the Force, where a friend of mine often saw him, and where he talked of nothing to him but of Charlotte Cordé and the guillotine; which since she had perished, appeared to him transformed into an altar, on which he would consider it as a privilege to be sacrificed, and was only solicitous to receive the stroke of death from the identical instrument by which she had suffered. A few weeks after his imprisonment he was executed as a counter-revolutionist.

HISTORY OF TEA.

PUBLIC buildings or drying houses are erected for curing tea, and so regulated, that every person who either has not suitable conveniences, or wants the requisite skill, may bring his leaves

at any time to be dried. These buildings contain from five to ten or twenty small furnaces, about three feet high, each having at the top a large flat iron pan, either high, square or round, bent up a little on that side which is over the mouth of the furnace, which at once secures the operator from the heat of the furnace, and prevents the leaves from falling off.

There is also a long low table, covered with mats, on which the leaves are laid, and rolled by workmen who sit around it.

The iron part being heated to a certain degree, by a little fire made in the furnace underneath, a few pounds of the fresh gathered leaves are put upon the pan; the fresh and juicy leaves crack when they touch the pan, and it is the business of the operator to shift them as quickly as possible, with his bare hands, till they grow too hot to be easily endured. At this instant he takes off the leaves, with a kind of shovel resembling a fan, and pours them on the mats to the rollers; who, taking small quantities at a time, roll them in the palms of their hands, in one direction, while others are fanning them, that they may cool the more speedily, and retain their curl the longer.

The process is repeated two or three times, or oftener, before the tea is put in the stores, in order that all the moisture of the leaves may be thoroughly dissipated and their curl more completely preserved. On every repetition the pan is less heated, and the operation performed more slowly, and cautiously.

Country people cure the leaves in earthen kettles, which answer every necessary purpose at less trouble and expence, whereby they are enabled to sell cheaper.

To complete the preparation, after the tea has been kept for some months, it must be taken out of the vessels in which it had been contained, and dried again over a very gentle fire, that it may be deprived of any humidity which remained, or might since have been contracted.

The common tea is kept in earthen pots with narrow mouths; but the best sort of tea used by the emperor and nobility, is put in porcelain or china ves-

sels. The *Bantsjan*, or coarsest tea, is kept by the country people in straw baskets made in the shape of barrels, which they place under the roofs of their houses, near the holes that let out the smoke, and imagine that this situation does not injure the tea.

The tea tree grows mostly in hilly countries, on their rocky summits, and steep declivities; and it would seem, by the pains the Chinese are at in making paths, and fixing a kind of scaffolds to assist them, that these places afford the finest tea.—The trees in general are not much taller than a man's height.—They pick the leaves, as soon as gathered into different sorts.

There are several disgusting circumstances attending the preparation of tea. Osbeck says, the Chinese servants tread the tea into the chests with their naked feet; and Sir George Staunton makes a similar remark.

One thing should be mentioned to their credit; when their harvest of tea is finished each family fail not to testify, by some religious rite, their gratitude to the Giver.

CANINE REPAST.

To those who wish a complete literary surfeit, we recommend the following delicate morceau from an Evening paper.

Probatum est:

ON Saturday the 11th inst. a man followed by a Newfoundland dog, entered a public house, called Half-way-bridge, in the neighborhood of Petworth, where four young men from that town were in company, and sitting before the kitchen fire, one of whom, by accident hurt the dog; of which the traveller complained with some degree of warmth, which provoked another of the company, to tell him, that if he did not quietly put up with the affront, they would eat his dog!

The proprietor answered, they were quite at liberty to do that; and he would give them half a guinea's worth of drink to wash it down, provided they would forfeit 6s. each, if they failed of eating the carcase clean up!

The conditions were agreed to; and poor Cæsar was slaughtered and actually devoured by his four brethren in human shape!!!

A CAUTION to the LADIES

Against the use of white lead as a COSMETIC.

THE use of *White Lead*, as a paint, was known to the Roman ladies. For Plautus introduces a woman refusing to give her mistress either *White Lead*, or *Rouge*, because, forsooth, in the true spirit of a flattering Abigail, she thought her quite handsome enough without them.

In the days of St. Jerome, the Christian ladies were given to this pagan custom; for the venerable father inveighs very forcibly against the use of *Rouge* for the lips and cheeks, and of *White Lead* for the face and neck, as incentives to lust, and indications of unchaste desires.

Without presuming to explore the secrets of a lady's toilet, or to reveal the arts by which our fair countrywomen endeavor to improve charms, naturally irresistible, it may be observed that the certain ruin of the complexion, to say nothing of more serious maladies, must ever attend the constant application of this drug.

Nor is the *magistery* of *Bismuth* or *Spanish White*, as it is called, much less pernicious than *White Lead*, notwithstanding its being in such repute in London, that the chemists can hardly prepare it fast enough to supply the demand for it.

But if, as it is probable, the ladies shall neglect this caution, they may be warned to forbear the use of such washes at Harrowgate, Moffat, and other places of the same kind, lest they should be in the state of the unlucky fair one, whose face, neck, and arms, were suddenly despoiled of all their beauties, and changed quite black by a sulphureous water. Indeed all phlogistic vapors, and even the sun itself, tend to give both the *magistery* of *Bismuth* and *White Lead* a yellow colour.

(From the Kennebec Gazette.)

LONGEVITY.

The following instances, of unusual Longevity, have been recorded in the American Papers, during the year 1804. to wit.

	Years.
JOHN Quarterman, Penn. 108 yrs. 8 mon.	
Samuel Bartow, Boothbay, Me.	105
Ephraim Pratt, Shutesbury, Mass.	117
John Belknap, Wilksboro'	101
Dorothy Dusan, Philadelphia,	105
Ann Baker, Waterford, Me.	103
Sarah Low, Fitchburg, Mass.	93
Abigail Stone, Groton, Mass.	93
Henry Abram, Chillicothe,	102
George Gregory, Kingston, Eng.	106
Jean George, England, 110 yr. 10 mo.	
John Stewart, (Col. of the Tinkers,) Aberfeldy, Eng.	106
A Man, in Lithuania, Poland,	163
James Thomas, Georgia, U. S.	134
Pompey, Negro, Delaware,	120
Anthony, Negro, Philadelphia,	105
Uty Enti Fohi, a Chinese, Canada,	102
Abigail Houghton, Slow, Mass.	101
Lydia Bickford, Salem, Mass.	105
Mrs. Rice, Marlborough, Mass.	99
Susanna Robinson, Dorch. Mass.	94
Eleanor Shackford, Ports'th, N. H.	91
Mildred Frothingham, Providence,	91
Abigail Edwards, Connecticut,	96
Mary Hastings, Weston, Mass. 101 yrs. 10 mon.	
Mrs. Mason, Salem, Mass.	95
Moses Belknap, Atkinson, N. H.	93
Joseph Farnworth, Fairfax, Ver.	90
Susanna Babbridge, Salem, Mass.	90
Mrs. Bullock, do. do.	90
Esther Lane, England,	105
Samuel Brown, Connecticut,	90
Isaker Baker, York, Maine,	93

Twelve of whom had the singular felicity of living in THREE CENTURIES.

N. B. Old Parr, died in England, in the year 1634, aged 152.

[From an English Publication.]
NUISANCES.

AN order has been made to abate, in ten days, all the public nuisances in the extensive parish of St. Martins.—We have been favored with the list, from which we have extracted the following items.

The Blind Fiddler, with the lighted candle stuck upon the end of the neck of his fiddle. This man plays every night in the Strand, and attracts, upon the flag-way, a crowded audience, impervious to the passenger. It is a matter of doubt whether the candle is lighted to show the blind artist his audience, or to enable the audience to hear his harmony.

Miss Lydia Sharpe, an old maid, at No.—, St. Martin's lane. This virgin, who has seen the better part of the last century, has been long considered as a great nuisance to the parish. To an excessive volubility of speech, and tenacity of memory, she adds an insatiable thirst for all the knowledge necessary to support a first-rate character at the tea-table.

In the course of the last twelve months, she had married 15 matrimonial speculations, and made 9 wives and 19 husbands jealous. She had lately contracted with a book-seller to write a history of the parish; and expected from the superintending care and vigilance evinced through her whole life, to be appointed an overseer.

Mr. Timothy Starch, an old bachelor in the same place. This gentleman has done much mischief in the parish by his constant abuse of matrimony. Neither the clergyman, clerk nor sexton, have been one penny the better for him, as there has been neither birth, death nor wedding in his family, these 20 years. The wives complain that he spoils their husbands, by teaching them his odd tricks; and the husbands complain that he holds out a chance of a second marriage to their wives, which makes them careless and undutiful.

Mrs. Deborah Snout, sister of—, near the Kings Mew's. The dragon that guarded the golden fruit in the garden of the Hesperides, did not watch his charge more strictly than Mrs. Deborah watches her two beautiful nieces. The ladies are not suffered to go to prayers, play or parks, without her; and they have repeatedly declared her a nuisance to the parish. A numerous suite of lovers supported their allegation.

Mr. Shave, a penny barber, presented the patentee of a new powder for scouring the beard off a man's chin, as a public nuisance. The charge was strongly supported by a soap-boiler in the neighborhood.

Miss Selina Slander, of Hemming's Row a dashing fashionable nude, of first rate transparency, was presented by a host of milliners, mantua-makers, washer-women, &c.—They stated, that she was the reigning belle of the parish, and sets the fashions of the neighborhood, to their great private loss, and injury to the public revenue. Several doctors, apothecaries, and undertakers, deposed to the contrary; but their evidence carried no weight, and several of them were put in a state of impeachment, as nuisances themselves.

DURING the time that martial law was in force in Ireland, and the people were prohibited from having fire arms in their possession, some mischievous varlets gave information that a Mr. Stanton of Dublin, had three Mortars in his house. A magistrate, with a party of dragoons in his train, surrounded the house, and demanded in the king's name, that the mortars should be delivered to him. Mr. Stanton, who is a respectable apothecary, immediately produced them,—adding, that as they were useless without the pestles, these also were at his majesty's service.

IN a Dutch translation of Cato, the version of the soliloquy is curious: thus does it commence:—"Just so,—you are very right Mynheer Plato."

ABSENCE OF MIND.—

A VERY curious circumstance happened lately at Crosthwaite church, near Keswick.—After the christening of a child, the clergyman and the father adjourned to the vestry-room, to register the baptism; but, alas! the father, on being asked his wife's name, could not recollect it!—and had to run a mile and a half for the requisite information—before the proper entry could be made.

Lot. flap.

A SIMPLE rustic-boy, trudging along with a loaf of bread under each arm, met the squire of the parish; who, being offended at the want of an obeisance, sternly said, sirrah! I think you might move your hat.—So I will, replied the boy, if you will hold one of my loaves the while.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, March 9, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 30 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 3—casualties 2 children (one of whom was accidentally burnt by falling into the fire, the other scalded to death)—childbed 1—cold 1—convulsions 5—decay 1—diarrhea 1—dropsy 2—dropsy in the head 1—puerperal fever 2—inflammation of the bowels 1—palsy 1—pleurisy 1—small-pox 1—sprue 1—still born 2—sudden death 1—syphilis 1—worms 1—and 1 of suicide by opium.

Of whom 7 were men—6 women—13 boys—and 4 girls.

Of the whole number 10 were of and under the age of 1 year—2 between the age of 1 and 2—4 between 2 and 5—2 between 10 and 20—3 between 20 and 30—3 between 30 and 40—4 between 40 and 50—and 2 between 60 and 70.

A London paper speaking of the dreadful effects of the late fever at Gibraltar observes that of the families that have suffered most from the pestilence, no one deserves more commiseration than that of Messrs. Benhusan. There were four brothers of that name, who had families, amounting in the whole to twenty persons. Former accounts had stated the death of several of them; but those of yesterday furnish the melancholy news that the whole had fallen victims, except one little boy, the son of one of the brothers, who with seventy nine other orphans, was maintained by subscription raised among the inhabitants. Another brother of the same name, who resides in London, after receiving his letters yesterday from Gibraltar, went upon 'change to read them, when, casting his eye over the distressing account we have stated, he fell senseless on the ground, and remained insensible for some time.

Fasting.—Thursday, the 4th of April next, is appointed as a day of Fasting and Prayer, throughout the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The "*Life of Washington*" has been translated into the French language, and published at Paris.

At the date of the last news from London, Master Betty, the *Young Roscius*, was seriously indisposed; and had not performed for several successive nights. A diurnal account of his illness is published.

MAMMOTH HOG.

A Hog was exhibited in the village of Troy a short time since, which was five years old, and weighed 1060 lbs. He measured ten feet in length, and seven feet six inches round the body. His legs were not more than six inches long and so unproportioned to the size of his body, that his species could hardly be recognized. He was owned by a man from Williamstown, Ms. and sold for 90 dollars.

M. Frances Tanois, clerk in the French Treasury, died on the 19th of last November, at Paris, aged 88 years. He left behind no less than ten widows, though he was a bachelor until 1792. In his will he declares he never intended to marry, had not the national Convention passed the law for easy divorces. He leaves to each of his widows an annuity of 1200 liver's, as he says they were all *equally* dear to him.

None of them are yet thirty years of age.

Ticket No. 17950, in the Cathedral Church Lottery now drawing at Baltimore, which came up a prize of 20,000 dollars, was, with some others, retained by the right reverend Bishop Carroll, "at the risk of the scheme, for the benefit of the church."

LONDON FASHIONS

For January.

Full Dresses.—1. Evening dress of fine cambric, striped with lace; long sleeves made quite plain; the dress made full over the bosom and confined in front with a medallion or broach. A small cap trimmed with velvet, and a lace veil thrown carelessly over it.

2. A full dress of fine white muslin, made open from the sides, and trimmed with lace; short sleeves, made of alternate stripes of lace and muslin; the bosom formed by a divided handkerchief, which is fastened to the side of the dress, and crossed over the bosom. A petticoat the same as the dress, trimmed round the bottom with lace. The head dressed with a veil, and bandeau of diamonds or other ornaments in front.

Five heads.—A morning cap of white lace over colored silk, with a full lace border. A deep frill of white lace round the neck.

A hat of amaranth velvet, covered with blond lace, and trimmed with black velvet. A feather to match the hat.

A handkerchief-cap of white crape, finished with a bow on the left side.

A turban of ruby colored crape.

A veil of white lace, formed into a cap, with wreaths of black velvet.

General observations.—The prevailing colors are green, yellow, and puce. Spanish hats, of colored velvet, with feathers to match, are generally worn. Black velvet pelisses, trimmed all around with lace, are most prevalent.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

The white velvet hats which are very stylish, have some bunches of white roses, others of red roses. The most fashionable ribbons are an imitation of the borders of the Cachemire shawls. The hair upon the nape of the neck is plaited, and brought forward so as to form a diadem before, without overwhelming the forehead, or passing the ringlets upon the temples. Next to the black Cach-

emire shawls, those in repute are the long shawls of white casimir, with borders embroidered in gold. White silk stockings are all the rage.

Mr. Harding, of Bremen, is said to have discovered a new moveable star, on the 1st of Sept. it appears to be of the eighth magnitude, and is supposed to be a new planet, similar to the Ceres or Pallas—its motion was retrograde to the south.



MARRIED,

On Saturday morning last, Mr. Benjamin Demilt, to Miss Ann Van Antwerp, daughter of Mr. Nicholas Van Antwerp, all of this city.

At Albany, on the 21st Feb. James Lynch, esq. to Miss Janette Tillotson, daughter of Thomas Tillotson, esq. Secretary of this state.

On Thursday evening, last week, Mr. Joseph L. Halstead, to Miss Magdalena Turk.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. George Moulder, to Miss Rebecca Higgins.

At Elizabethtown, on Saturday evening last, Mr. Peter Dayton, merchant, of this city to Miss Sally Stille, of N. Jersey.



DIED,

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. Robert B. Norton, in the 29th year of his age.

Lately, in England the Right Hon. John Howe, Baron Chedworth, aged 51: He was said to have died worth £500,000 sterling: £18,000 of which his Lordship has left in legacies—To the Hon. Charles James Fox he bequeathed £3000.—To Mrs. Taylor, late of the Norwich Theatre, £13,000; and to several other actors and actresses, chiefly the latter, of that Theatre, very handsome legacies, from £13,00 to £4000.

His Lordship died a bachelor, and his title is extinct. He was a learned and correct lawyer—an eminent, scholar but very slowly in his dress, bashful and timid in the extreme; and a perpetual dangler after fine women, without any criminal intention; but which sometimes, without reason, endangered the ladies' characters; to some of which he has made amends by legacies.

At Letart Spring, near Carlisle, Penn. on the 20th Feb. Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay.—The wife did not survive the husband two hours.—Plain, honest, friendly, he was a good neighbor, a good husband, a good father, possessed of a cultivated understanding, and affectionate heart. She was a valuable acquaintance, an excellent wife, an indulgent parent. Bound together by the strongest ties—the ties of affection and duty, in life, and (such was the will of Providence) in death they were inseparable, and the same hour the same tomb received the worthy and respected pair.

At Charleston, on the 10th ult. the rev. Abraham Azuby, minister of the Hebrew Congregation in that city, in the 67th year of his age. This worthy man came to this country in 1784 from Amsterdam, where he was born.

Lately, at Norwich, (Con.) Mr. Samuel Brown, aged 90 years. He was the first owner of a chaise in the town of Norwich, and was prosecuted in those early days of refinement, for a breach of the Sabbath, and fined for riding in his carriage to attend public worship.

THEATRE.

ON MONDAY EVENING, March 11th
WILL BE PRESENTED,
AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS, called,
Chains of the Heart.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,
A BALLET ENTERTAINMENT,
called, the

THREE SAVOYARDS

W. S. TURNER,

Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in ap-

pearance that they be cannot discovered from the most natural.—His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite easiness and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.

JUST PUBLISHED,

By Ming and Young, and to be had at this office, and of most other Booksellers in this city,

GAINES'S

NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,
Containing in addition to its usual information,
A LIST

Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments.
Price 25 cents.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sores, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent service. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York.

Price One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 103 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Cowen, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's Medicine Warehouse No. 20 Bowry-lane.



[From the Palladium.]

HORACE SURPASSED,
In a beautiful description of
**A NEW-ENGLAND COUNTRY
DANCE.**

HOW funny 'tis when pretty lads and lasses,
Meet altogether just to have a caper,
And the black fiddler plays you such a tune as
Sets you a frisking.

High bucks and ladies, standing in a row all
Make finer show than troops of continentals:
Now see them foot it, rigadon and chasee,
Brimful of rapture.

Spruce our gallants are, essenc'd with pomatum,
Heads powder'd white as Killington Peak* snow
storm:

Ladies how brilliant! fascinating creatures!
All silk and muslin.

Thus poets tell us how one—Mister, Orpheus,
Led a rude forest to a Country Dance and
Play'd the brisk tune of Yankee Doodle on a
New Holland fiddle.

But now behold a sad reverse of fortune,
(Life's brightest scenes are chequ'd with disaster,)
Clumsy Charles Clumfoot, treads on Tabby's gown
and
Tears all the tail off.

Stop, stop the fiddler, all away this racket,
Fartshorne and water: see the ladies fainting,
Paler than primrose, fluttering about like
Pigeons affrighted!

Nor such the turmoil, when the sturdy farmer
Sees the turbid whirlwinds beat his oats and rye
down,
And the rude hail-stones, big as pistol bullets,
Daah in his windows.

Though 'twas unhappy, never seem to mind it,
Bid Punch and Sherry circulate the brisker,
Or in a bumper, flowing with Madeira,
Drown the Misfortune.

* "Killington Peak" is the summit of the Green
Mountains in Vermont.

Willy Wagmible, dancing with Flirtilla,
Almost as light as a ir-balloon inflated,
Rigadoons round her, 'till the lady's heart, is
Fore'd to surrender!

Thus have I seen a bumble-bee or humbird,
Hov'ring about a violet or sun-flower,
Quaff from its blossoms many rich potations
Sweeter than nectar.

Benny Bamboozle cuts the drollest capers,
Just like a camel or a Hippopotamos;
Jolly Jack Jumble makes as big a rout as
Forty Dutch horses,

See Angelina lead the mazy dance down,
Never did fairy trip it so fantastical!
How my heart flutters while my tongue pronounces
Sweet little seraph.

Such are the joys which flow from Country Dancing,
Pure as the primeval happiness of Eden:
Wine, mirth and music kindle in accordance
Raptures extatic.

A SWISS AIR.

TAKEN FROM THE FRENCH, CALLED

RANZ DES VACHES.

O, WHEN shall I enjoy the day!
When all these scenes their charms display!
My native skies,
Where blooming woods arise;
Our lively hills,
Our streaming rills,
Our happy cots,
Our shady grots,
Our mountains,
Our fountains,
Our groves,
Our loves,

Adorn'd with ev'ry pleasing grace;
And all the charms of Nature's smiling face.

Time against these charms my prove;
All the objects of my love.—

My only hope, my constant care;
SUSAN, blooming, young and fair,

Beneath the elm's brown shade,
Or tripping to the tuneful reed,

On the mossy flow'ry mead,
Her image in my mind will never fade;

O, memory wakes to pleasing pains!
Which fancy paints in tender strains,

As long before she drew;

When my blest home I left, and bade a long adieu—

My Father's cares,

My Mother's tears,

My Brother's sighs,

My Sister's cries,

My tender lambs,

My bleating dams,

My SUSAN fair,

My only care,

When will the time return again?

When all these joys of love will reign?

N. SMITH,



Chymical Perfumer, from Lon-
don, at the New-York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
ness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening
and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is
very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Po-
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness
and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of
the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English-
Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encour-
agement of his employers to him in the line of his bu-
siness, and assures them that he will to the utmost of
his ability continue to instil in the minds of his Pu-
pils, with energy every part of instruction, which
may have a tendency to promote their present and fu-
ture usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs
his employers and the public in general, that he pur-
poses opening an evening School on the first evening of
October next. And conscious of his having reciprocal-
ly discharged his duty to those committed to his care,
in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict
decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of
further liberal encouragement in the line of his bu-
siness. He continues as usual to give lessons to La-
dies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particu-
larly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will
accomplish them in three months. Or can materially
improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages,
Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c.,
on the most reasonable terms.

W. D. LEZELL.

New-York, No. 17, Banker-street,

NEW-YORK: PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY MING & YOUNG, No. 102, WATER-STREET,
WHERE EVERY KIND OF PRINTING IS EXECUTED.—SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THIS
PAPER ARE RECEIVED AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.